

3rd Edition

THE LORDS OF CREATION MEN WE CALL
(A Song)

PIANO FORTE

And respectfully dedicated to the

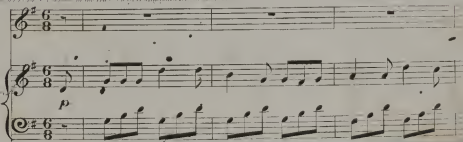
Young Ladies of Reading

BY

Philadelphia, A. PIOT, 196 Chestnut St.

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ALLEGRETTO.

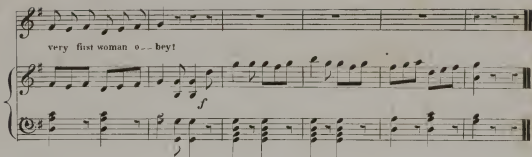


The Lords of cre.a-tion men we call, And they think they rule the whole; But they're

much mis-tak-en af-ter all, For they're under woman's con-trol. As ever since the

world began It has always been the way For did not Adam, the

ve-ry first man, The ve-ry first woman o-bey, o-bey, o-bey, o-bey! The



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Ye Lords, who at present hear my song,

I know you will quickly say:

"Our size's more large, our nerves more strong;

"Shall the stronger the weaker say?"

But think not tho' these words we hear

We shall e'er mind the thing you say;

For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear

Your power will vanish away.

3

But should there be so strange a wight

As not to be moved by a tear,

Though much astonished at the sight

We shall still have no cause for fear.

Then let them please themselves awhile

Upon their fancied sway,

For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile

She will certainly have her own way.

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Now, Ladies, since I've made it plain

That the thing is really so,

We'll even let them hold the rein,

But we'll show them the way to go;

As ever since the world began

It has always been the way,

And we'll manage it so that the very last man

Shall the very last woman obey.

